COMMANDING GENERALS

GREAT SOLDIERS WHO HAVE BEEN AT THE HEAD OF OUR ARMY.

The Coming Adoption of New Military System Makes Review of Record Pertinent.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The passing away of a great office, that of the commanding general of the American armies, will mark an important change in our military system.

In the course of a few months the office of senior or commanding general of the army will pass into history and our military establishment will come under the administration of a general staff system.

The history of this high position, together with the high character of the officers who have from time to time occupied the office of general commanding of the army recalls the most interesting chapter in the military history of the Republic.

When Washington resigned his commission as general of the American armies and peace was restored in 1783, he was succeeded by Major General Knox in command of 1,000 men. The records of the War Department show that Major General Knox was superseded by Captain John Doughty, who commanded only two light artillery batteries from August 1784 to 1791. Colonel Josiah Harmer was in command of the army, with a minimum strength of 1,000 to a maximum of 2,232 men, by act of Congress, March 3, 1791. After the year 1791 the strength of the army was considered to be such as to entitle it to be commanded by a major general and that office of command continued to be that of major general until March, 1797, when the strength of the army was reduced to 4,000 men. In the meantime, Major General Wayne having died, Brigadier General James Wilkinson assumed command, December, 1796, to July, 1798, the only officer of that rank who was ever in command of our armies.

When war with France seemed imminent in 1798, the army was increased to 51,000 men and Washington was called from retirement at Mount Vernon and appointed lieutenant general of the army.

The act of March 2, 1799, abolished the office of lieutenant general and provided for an officer to be styled "general of the army of the United States." The same act increased the army to 40,000 men of all arms. War with France did not occur; in the meantime Washington died as lieutenant general in command, and Major General Alexander Hamilton, who was second in command by the side of Washington, in case of war with France, assumed command of our armies from Dec. 14, 1799, to June 15, 1800. Congress, in the year 1800, reduced the army to 3,000 men and limited the rank of its commander to brigadier general, which gave the command for the second time to Brigadier General Wilkinson, who remained until 1812.

At the beginning of our second war with England the army was increased to nearly 65,000 men, with Major General Dearborn in command.

From 1815 to 1828, a period of thirteen years, the army was on a peace basis and in command of Major General Brown. From 1828 to 1841 General Alex. Macomb commanded the army, with a maximum strength of about 12,000 men, which was increased by the Florida war of 1838.

When Major General Scott was placed in command of the army in 1841 it was 18,000 strong and it so remained until the war with Mexico, when acts of Congress of 1847 made the increase to 30,000.

By acts of Congress Feb. 15, 1855, Major General Scott, then commanding the army, was advanced to the rank of lieutenant general by brevet and pay to date back to 1847. Brevet Lieutenant General Scott was in command of the army in 1861 when the civil war commenced. He was succeeded by Major General McClellan, who was in command until March, 1862. General McClellan was followed in command of the armies by Major General Halleck, who was in command until March, 1864.

At the beginning of the civil war the highest rank was that of a major general, until Feb. 20, 1864, when Brevet Lieutenant General Scott, being on the retired list, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant general, to which Major General Grant was advanced in 1864, and under which rank he commanded the army when the war ended. In 1866, July 28, in further recognition of his services, the grade of general was revived and Lieutenant General Grant was appointed a general in command of the American army, then 54,000 strong. At the same time Major General Sherman was promoted to the grade of lieutenant general, vice Grant, when General Grant was elected to the presidency in 1869. Lieutenant General Sherman then became general in command of the armies.

By act of Congress of 1870 Congress limited the offices of general and lieutenant general to those then holding the offices. Upon the retirement of General Sherman the grade of general on the active list ceased to exist, and the command of the army passed to Lieutenant General Sheridan. In 1888, a few months previous to the death of General Sheridan, Congress discontinued the grade of lieutenant general, and merged it to that of general, to continue during the lifetime of the then lieutenant general. On the death of General Sheridan Major General Schofield was appointed to command the army, and on Feb. 25, 1895, when the strength of the army was 25,000 men, the grade of lieutenant general was revived by Congress, and Major General Schofield was advanced to that grade.

From October, 1895, to the reorganization of the army in 1901, Major General Miles was commanding general of the army. Feb. 2, 1901, the grade of lieutenant general was revived, and Major General Miles promoted to that grade as commander-in-chief, and will be retired in that grade on Aug. 8, just seven days prior to effective operation of the staff bill, on the 15th of the month.

Thus the records show that we have had about twenty-five years of ranking commanding generals — Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan; sixteen years of lieutenant generals commanding the army—Washington, Scott, Grant, Sheridan, Schofield and Miles; major generals commanding, nearly fifty-nine years—Knox, St. Clair, Wayne, Hamilton, Dearborn, Brown, Macomb, Scott, McClellan, Halleck, Schofield and Miles.

Desks with Secret Drawers.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Most business desks are very commonplace affairs, yet even in this utilitarian age there are some on the market with romantic compartments, just like those described in old-fashioned novels.

"Oh, how lovely," exclaimed the visitor when the dealer pressed the button and showed a delightfully mysterious little nook at the back of a solid oak desk. "Who buys them?"

"Women, mostly," was the reply. "Women, you know, go in for that sort of thing more than men. They like to manufacture a mystery whether there is any need for it or not, and where can they find a better aid to their imagination than in a secret drawer? When a man has any papers he wants to hide he puts them in a safety deposit vault. That disposition of them would not be romantic enough to suit a woman. Nothing short of a secret compartment in a writing desk will satisfy her. The manufacturers of desks know that, and each year they turn out a goodly number of desks with all sorts of out of the way niches, concealed by sliding doors and false bottoms and retreating backs.

"Of course, not all the story book desks are bought up by women. I only say a large percentage of them are. There are some modern men with Blue Beard propensities, and we sell secret compartment desks to them. Goodness knows what they keep in the hidden recesses. Love letters, perhaps, and will and—well, any old thing to which some special interest or romance attaches, and which they do not want prying eyes to see or irrevent hands to touch. However, desks with secret drawers are not offered to the ordinary purchaser, and unless a customer asks for those mysterious attachments, we sell the plain, commonplace desk, in which you couldn't hide even a pin to save your neck."

SIR LIANG'S SCHOOL DAYS.

They Called Him Pi Yuk at Andover—His Pigtail Inside His Shirt.

Kansas City Star.

Of all the stories that have been written and told of Sir Liang Chen Tung, the new minister from China to the United States, none is more pleasing to Americans than tales of his school days at Phillips Academy, Andover, nearly twenty-five years ago, when he was almost an American. Men who were then associated with him, as boys together, liked Pi Yuk Liang, as he was then known. His nationality they entirely forgot. They completely lost sight of that peculiar, inborn feeling, which most Americans possess, that there is something "queer" about a Chinaman—that he is not like other men. The lads at Andover regarded Pi Yuk as one of themselves. It is their testimony of him that he was just a rollicking, clean, well-mannered, sport-loving boy.

There are men in Kansas City and its vicinity who were classmates of Pi Yuk. Arthur Coates and W. A. Nettleton, of Kansas City, and H. W. Wolcott, of Leavenworth, knew him well at Phillips Academy. They roomed in the same house. Mr. Coates's room was on the same floor, and adjoining that of the boy who has been awarded one of the highest positions which his country can give him. They studied together and they played together. They took long walks and they enjoyed their schoolboy pranks in common. Mr. Coates regards him as one of the best and most intimate of his schoolboy friends.

"Pi Yuk," said Mr. Coates, "came to the school in 1879. He entered the third year of the course, which made him a member of my class—the class of '82. He was then a lad of about seventeen years, a large, robust, handsome young fellow, full of fun and spirits. There were several of these Chinese boys at Phillips at that time. I cannot recall any of them by name except Pi Yuk and his roommate, Lieu Lin Lieu.

"On the floor of McCurdy's house, where my room was, there was only one other room, and these two Chinese boys occupied it together. When they were not in my room I was in their room, and we used to have some mighty good times together.

"While I knew both of these boys intimately, I knew Pi Yuk especially well. We used to take long walks together in the moonlight. He was always a great lover of nature. The women of America never had a more stanch admirer than Pi Yuk. He used to say, jocularly, that some day he would marry some pretty American girl, and spend the remainder of his days in this country, which he loved so well.

"To tell the truth, we never thought of Pi Yuk and his associates as Chinese boys at all. They seemed just like other boys to us. Their clothing was just the same as ours, and they wore their 'pigtails' down the backs of their necks, so that one could see only a small piece of them. They were manly boys, too, clean morally and well bred. Pi Yuk especially was possessed of charming manner, and was a young gentleman of the first water.

"The stories about Pi Yuk's baseball ability have not been exaggerated in the least. He was a splendid pitcher and very enthusiastic over the game. I doubt if he has lost any of his old-time love for a good ball game. The chances are he will be a familiar figure at the ball park in Washington. He delighted in all out-of-door sports, but was especially fond of baseball. He was a regular pitcher on the staff of the school nine, and was recognized as one of the most coolheaded and reliable of the twirlers.

"Pi Yuk and his countrymen were never allowed to graduate from Phillips. During the summer vacation following their second year an emissary from their home land discovered, with horror, that these boys were becoming altogether too Americanized. On the strength of his report they were recalled."

Success of the Woman's Hotel.

Everybody's Magazine.

There is a bad time ahead for the boarding houses if the New York Woman's Hotel prospers and multiplies as it gives promise of doing. The lone woman, stranded by circumstance or separated from her home by the needs of her work, has always been the chief stand-by of the landlady, a steady source of supply both for the second-floor front and fourth-floor back. Perhaps the lone woman has not yet found it perfectly satisfactory, but formerly no one considered her side of it. Then the experiment of a hotel for women was tried, and straightway they came pouring into it, from every corner of the city, like rabbits from hidden warrens, until there was not room for one more. The need proved, other hotels will follow. But meanwhile, what of the boarding house, that unfailing resource of the woman who can do nothing else? With bachelor quarters for women as well as men, and apartment houses on every corner for married couples, the only beings not provided for will be the children. Perhaps the boarding house's future existence will be a form of nursery.

Summons.

I feel it call me as no human voices
Have ever done—the music deep and strong
Born of the forest when the wind rejoices
With tumult of forgotten, ancient song.

Naught draws me like the smell of the marsh-places
In the hot noontide, in the quivering noon,
When sunlight overflows the blue air-spaces
And motion falls into a magic swoon.

My spirit sweeps aloft with the great mountains
And finds in mighty storms a mystic calm.
I know the song sung by the hidden fountains,
I long for the deep valley's scented balm.

Deserts grow gray beneath the sun's long shining,
Creating Loneliness from morn to morn;
Forgotten paths through dim, lush meadows twining;
Shores where the sea forever moves forlorn;

Earth-voices, sun and moon and shadow, calling;
Growth of the spring and summer's dreaming peace;
Tempest and evening hush and soft snow falling—
Immortal Voices! never will ye cease

To lead me by strange ways, half-comprehending—
O half-rememb'ring what I do not know!
Beyond all Life and Beauty that hath ending
Unto that Mystery, whence yourselves ye flow.

—Hildegarde Hawthorne, in June Atlantic.

THESE LETTERS FROM MOTHER.
Mr. Newwed—Any news in your mother's letter?
Mrs. Newwed—I don't know. I haven't come to the postscript yet.

VICIOUS VOCAL METHODS

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RUINATION OF MANY GOOD VOICES.

Necessity of a Board of Examiners and Licensers for Voice Trainers—Evils of Modern Teaching.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Eminent musical authorities have been much exercised during the past ten or fifteen years over the manifest decadence in the art of singing which has been apparent and is steadily becoming more pronounced, not only in the centers of European musical art, but more especially in the United States. The question is often asked, "Why is it that so few great artists are to be found among the singers of to-day in comparison to the multitude of those who start out with the intention of becoming famous?" The solution of the question may easily be found. It is not for lack of voices, for it has been demonstrated beyond refutal that this country produces a larger proportion of naturally beautiful voices than any other on the face of the globe, Italy's reputation to that effect notwithstanding. The climate of the last-named nation was supposed to be pre-eminently a voice producer.

Acting on this idea, an American scientist some eighteen or twenty years ago made a series of experiments to discover the properties appertaining to the atmospheres of Italy. Satisfied that he had succeeded, he invented a mechanical device in which he announced that the chemical properties of the Italian climate were inclosed. By inhaling the breath through this instrument the vocal student was guaranteed to be breathing the voice-producing atmosphere of Italy. The invention, in general appearance, resembled a flute, and the chemical compositions through which the air had to pass in breathing could be renewed after a certain amount of use had exhausted its capacity. The advent of this mechanical device made some stir in musical circles at the time, and many of them were disposed of to those who desired a voice redolent of the zephyrs of Lake Como, where, it was said, most of the scientific experiments were made. I have not heard anything of it for many years, so I presume that the balmy air of America, in passing through the tube, must have come into hostile collision with the manufactured Italian atmosphere and put the latter out of business.

Some fifteen years or more ago it was the custom for singers to give concerts in which they would be assisted by fellow artists. If they were not recognized as first-class vocalists the entertainment was announced to be for a specific object—charity largely—and occasionally was tendered as a complimentary testimonial in recognition of faithful services in a church choir. One song (sometimes two, if they were not long) was the limit to each appearance on the platform, with an encore and a second if deserved. Frequently an "artist" did not succeed in gaining an encore and it was suggestively embarrassing. If he or she sang out of time or tune, or wabbled in a sostenuto movement or took breath in the middle of a word, or slipped a cog in the larynx and fell down through two or three notes in a descending cadenza, the patient public resented such undue familiarity with the fundamental principles of the art, and discouraged their repetition.

BALM FOR INCOMPETENTS.

The advent of the song recital, however, was a balm to the feelings of the incompetent singer, and five or six numbers at a time are now considered the proper thing to launch at the heads of a good-natured audience, which takes its medicine philosophically and is humbly thankful.

It is estimated that there are some 50,000 students of singing in Greater New York, a considerable proportion of them nonresidents. Each State in the Union furnishes a greater or less number of ambitious young singers, who make their way to the metropolis for the purpose of studying vocalism with the best teachers, or such as their means will allow them to patronize. Hence a plethora of charlatans masquerading as professors of singers. Antiquated solo singers, who failed for lack of abilities necessary to make successes, moth-eaten chorus singers of Italian and English opera, organists, pianists, professors of every instrument in the orchestra from the violin to the bass drum—peripatetic hurdy-gurdyites of noble Sicilian descent—all ready to give lessons in singing at rates to suit, from 25 cents to $3 or $4 a lesson, with a discount for cash, or on easy monthly payments, as most convenient to the purchaser.

When the pure old Italian method was in its zenith—when several years of scale singing were considered necessary to properly train a note before the student was allowed to sing arias—singers like Malibran, Grisi, Sontag, Piccolomini, Alboni, Titiens, Patti, Marco, Giuglini, Tamberlik, Wachtel, Lablache, Faure (and, in the present decade, Melba, Sembrich and Nordica) glorified the vocal firmament. To hear them sing was to listen to the acme of vocal art. After five or six years of hard and conscientious study under the care of a competent teacher, the student was equipped sufficiently to make a public appearance, and in a few years more as the voice developed and experience came to assist the singer took his or her place as a recognized artist.

But that sort of schooling doesn't suit the ambitious student of the present day. The "get-rich-quick" style of vocal education is the popular one now. One, two, three or four quarters' lessons, and possibly two years, or even three, is considered quite enough to launch a singer at the heads of a long suffering public. And old man Barnum knew the American public well when he said it rather liked being humbugged. If the above-mentioned terms of study were made under a good master, it would still be bad enough; but probably 75 per cent. of the pupils rip and tear their vocal chords, and lacerate the glottis under the rapid-fire instruction of incompetent "professors." What is the result?—the tremolo, the vibrato, raspy lower and medium tones from male throats; tear-fetching shrieks from high sopranos, and heart-breaking moans from somber contraltos. Oh, the sin of it!

The student having begun his or her lessons and floundered along over a few scales, informs the teacher that he wants a song—he would like something from an opera. "Faust" is a great favorite. If a tenor, "Salve Dimora" is all right; the soprano prefers the Jewel song; the baritone would like to revel in Mephisto's selections, and so the soul of poor Gounod continues to suffer torment. Then a selection of songs—Italian, German and French are ruthlessly assaulted—the foreign languages are generally preferred if the student knows nothing about them. Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Schubert, Gounod, Schumann, Saint-Saens, Grieg, Massenet and other masters, with a sprinkling of modern English or American composers, are dragged into the melee, and the singer announces a song recital, and has blossomed into a full-blown professional "artist." A couple of years or less will have sufficed for the teacher to impart all that he or she knows of the vocal art, and the self-satisfied pupil appears before the public. If a woman, her friends applaud her to the echo, load her with flowers and perhaps a good-natured press writer will treat lightly her shortcomings, and announce that she is a promising addition to the concert stage. Not until she comes in contact with a conscientious critic who has the courage to show up her vocal shortcomings will she learn the truth. Then, amid tears of anger and vexation, and the consolation of ignorant but sympathetic friends, she will declare that he (the critic) doesn't know what singing is, and shouldn't be allowed to hold such a position on a respectable newspaper; while the editor of the truth-telling journal is likely to be bombarded with protests, and demands that the offending critic be dismissed, or sent to write essays on early vegetables.

TEACHER TO BLAME.

The incompetent teacher is, of course, to blame for this. He or she is desirous above all things to get the almighty dollar at any risk, and tells the pupil who appeals for lessons that she has a fine voice and that he will make an "artist" of her in jig time. If the pupil had a good voice when she began her lessons, she will probably have lost a part of it at the end of a couple of years, or less, and the rest of it will be in a state of collapse from relaxed vocal chords, with a tendency to sing flat or sharp, or with a pronounced vibrato or tremolo.

Now, hear what Lilli Lehmann says in answer to the question as to how the highest distinction in vocal art may be reached: "Through natural gifts, among which I reckon the possession of sound organs and a well favored body; through study, guided by an excellent teacher, who can sing well himself—study that must be kept up for at least six years, without counting the preliminary work."

The giving of musicales by teachers of singing is a custom that in some instances might better be omitted. It may be well enough for those who think it necessary to keep themselves before the public, and who desire free advertising, to give one or even two pupils' musicals during the season, if the advancement of their scholars will justify it. But, when no particular improvement can be noticed in the two or three months intervening between such exhibitions, the impression left on the audience may not be to the teacher's credit. Then, again, it is liable to give the pupils the impression that they are rapidly becoming "artists," and that they are about ready to give song recitals on their own account. It is the easiest thing in the world to make a young student believe that he or she is really a fine singer, when they are hardly better than tyros; but it is an exceedingly difficult matter to make them believe that they know little of the art, even if you are stating the truth, and may heaven have mercy on you if you do.

Then there are the various "methods," and the teachers who represent them. There is the Lamperti method, the Garcia method, the Marchesi, the Bouhy, the Shriglia, the Lehmann, the French, the German, the Marcel, the Bassino, the Smith-Jones, the Tommy-rot and other innumerable methods—all have their champions and advocates. Rival professors claim that each is the only genuine representative of some particular master, and that the others are frauds and humbugs, and the beauty of it is that, if each representative were interviewed as to the governing principle of the method under discussion, no two would be likely to give the same explanation.

CHARLATAN'S LONG SUIT.

One hears a great deal about the proper "placing" of the voice by the teachers of the vocal art. It is a very important matter for young students to know what their voices really are, and how they should be classified. But the professor of the present day is equal to all that, be he a master of the art or be he an incompetent. The pupil's voice will be placed—somewhere. If a woman, she may be told by the charlatan teacher that she's a high soprano, because she can touch B flat; or that she may be a contralto if she can sing a low G and a high B flat, or that she may be a dramatic soprano because she can sing from C up to A, or a mezzo-soprano, or a mezzo-soprano-contralto, or a dramatic contralto, and goodness knows how many other variations may have cropped up within the minds of the voice placers during the past two or three years.

After the pupil's voice has been "placed," the professor starts in with a few scales and shows how certain notes may be reached. Here is a specimen of a lesson—the personal experience of a young man of my acquaintance who recently called upon me to test his voice, and tell him what it really was. He has a light baritone voice of pleasing quality and a strong musical temperament. He rehearsed the conversation word for word. He was practicing a scale with one or two high Es in it, and the tone produced was not satisfactory to the teacher.

"Bear down now," said the professor, "bear down!" (This was when the pupil was singing D, and the next note to be sung was E.)

"But how am I to bear down? I want to go up," was the natural reply.

"That's all right, but bear down on your throat and you'll get the E."

The pupil did his best to "bear down." The cords of his neck stood out, his face flushed red, and his voice broke on a screamy D flat. The young man was disheartened—he had been studying with that teacher two years, and had never been informed what "covered" or "closed" tones were, or how to form them. When I explained to him a few simple facts and showed him how to reach F, which he did with comparative ease, he seemed dazed and went home with the determination to find a professor who could teach him the rudiments of the art. The story is not complete yet. The young man's sister, who possesses a naturally good contralto voice, had been studying with the same teacher as a soprano for several years, until she had well-nigh ruined her voice. And that "professor" has the nerve to take a comfortable fee from his victims, and I am informed that, in one case of prolonged sickness on the part of a pupil who had taken three or four lessons, after paying for one quarter in advance, he declined to make up the loss to her.

The solo soprano of one of the principal churches in the city, in a conversation with me a few months ago, related an experience she had one night after a concert which took place several years ago. She was introduced to a woman who had recently established herself in the city as a vocal teacher.

"I was much pleased with your singing," said the teacher when they were introduced, "but you haven't got the tremolo, my dear."

The surprised soprano, who, by the way, is a good artist, replied: "The tremolo! Well, I hope I haven't. My studies didn't include that, and my teacher, who is supposed to know her business, taught me that the tremolo indicated either a breaking up of the voice from age and weakness or very bad instruction."

"Well, you know, it's fashionable just now, and one should be in the fashion," was the answer.

Some months after this incident occurred the two women again met and the tremolo subject was resumed by the vocal teacher with the remark:

"Oh, by the way, the tremolo is not to be fashionable next season."

And that female professor was afterward appointed a teacher of singing in an educational institution of this city.

I have selected the above incidents from a number that have been brought to my attention by the parties personally interested to show the necessity for the student to be very careful in choosing a teacher.

Albert Lavignac, professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatory, in his work on musical education, recently published, says in relation to the examination of an uncultivated voice: "The principal qualities to be desired in it are a good timbre and a certain degree of flexibility, strength and volume increase with age and study. By processes known to every teacher we easily manage to extend the compass and gain several notes, especially high ones, but a bad timbre is hard to modify and flexibility cannot be developed unless the organ already possesses some natural elasticity. It is therefore to these points that we shall see the master of the art of singing, to whom we have submitted the case, pay particular attention, only taking secondary notice of such, a beautiful low or high note that, on the contrary, the pupil will be inclined to exhibit to him as a jewel. But he will also examine other things—the general structure, the capacity of the lungs and the physiognomy and conformation of the mouth, which are of great importance in the emission of the voice, for it is in the mouth cavity that the timbre is produced."

SAVING YOUTHFUL VOICES.

Where so many boy choirs are in existence as are to be found in greater New York here is some valuable instruction given by the same eminent authority regarding the change in the voices of children, which I strongly recommend to those interested in the preservation of the voice of the little singers through that dangerous period.

M. Lavignac says:

"If we are dealing with a boy: to watch for the advance sign of the change, such as hoarseness, etc., and immediately, without a day's delay, suppress deliberately all vocal exercises, song and solfeggio, and this radically, without a single infraction, and forbid him to join in even noisy games in which there is too loud shouting; to treat him, in fact, as one would do if he had some throat disease. During the whole time that the change lasts, which is several years, to insist upon work at the piano, theory, dictation, without forgetting studies outside of music, that are as useful to a singer as his special studies—all this must never be lost sight of.

"If we are dealing with a girl, we must not wait till the change asserts itself, because we know that it will not make itself felt; but consider it as begun at the age of thirteen, in which we shall seldom be mistaken. We must, therefore, interrupt singing lessons, properly so called, because they always occasion a little fatigue to the larynx; but we may with impunity continue a moderate exercise of solfeggio, in low tones, and limited to those notes that are produced without any effort. Apart from this, proceed as with boys—avoid all tempestuous vocal outbursts, take care of the larynx and be more than usually careful to avoid everything that might cause a cold or quinsy. Moreover, do not neglect the study of the piano. This cannot be too often repeated."

TALKED WITH PRESIDENT.

Was Encouraged to Make a Demand for Long Trousers.

Chicago Tribune.

The President of the United States thinks that Niles Folsom, a fourteen-year-old Santa Monica (Cal.) boy, ought to have long trousers. The boy thinks that this is about the most sensible proclamation ever issued by a chief magistrate, and he is trying to persuade his mother to view the matter in the same light and act accordingly.

Niles Folsom is a son of Mrs. M. Folsom, of Santa Monica. His father was a cousin of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. He is a student at St. Vincent's Academy, at Santa Monica, having won a scholarship in that institution by his enterprise in a newspaper contest. He was formerly a student in the Academy of the Holy Name, of Santa Monica, and it was through the desire of Sister Matilda of that institution to send a note of greeting to President Roosevelt, whom she had met while nursing in Cuba, that young Folsom met the President and got his indorsement of long trousers, Sister Matilda selecting the boy as her messenger.

Niles went to the hotel in Los Angeles at which the President was stopping, got by a half dozen guards, found President Roosevelt in one of the parlors, walked up and introduced himself, ignoring a secret service man who took hold of his arm, and presented Sister Matilda's note.

"I'm mighty glad to see you," said the President. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen, going on fifteen, sir," said Niles.

"Ah," said the President. "Did you have much trouble getting to see me?"

"Why—now—yes, sir," said Niles, his tongue struggling against the magnificent importance of things.

"Ah," said the President. "You are fourteen and a pretty big boy for your years. How would you like to wear long trousers?"

"O—why—yes, sir; you bet—excuse me, Mr. Roosevelt—I mean President Roosevelt. I—I think that would be—great!"

"So do I," said the President heartily. "So do I! And now, I'd like to stop and visit with you, but some of these gentlemen here want me to talk with them, and I guess that's what I'm going to do. But, lad, do me the honor of presenting my compliments to your mother, and you may say to her for me that, with her permission, I'll back you up on the long trouser scheme. Good-bye, and thank you very much for calling on me."

"He gave my hand a great big squeeze," said Niles, "and, jimminy, but he's got a dandy set of teeth!"

LAURA KEENE'S TRAGIC DREAM,

Which Came True to the Letter in the Death of Lincoln.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stuart Robson was a great admirer as well as a personal friend of the Booths, and no man regretted the crime of John Wilkes Booth more than did the actor. He often spoke of the assassination of Lincoln and its effect upon Edwin Booth, and could talk entertainingly for hours concerning the theatrical situation and the experiences of the players during war times. He considered, he often said, that John Wilkes Booth was the handsomest man he ever knew.

In 1862-63 Robson was a member of the company supporting Laura Keene, and one of the interesting stories he told in that connection was of a prophetic dream she related to her company concerning the death of a great man and her connection with it—a vision of which Robson was supposed to have been the cause.

"Laura Keene was one of the most intelligent women I ever met, and yet her most pronounced characteristic was one which is generally associated with ignorance," Mr. Robson declared on one occasion. "She was superstitious to an absurd degree. She never allowed her actors to take hold of a chair with the right hand. To study a part on Sunday was a crime. To carry an umbrella with a hook handle meant immediate discharge to the offender. The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to frighten her for a week. She said the use of it was almost certain to precede some awful trouble. On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene was when she was seated at a writing table preparatory to composing a letter. I, as her servant, was standing at the back of her chair.

"'Take your right hand away from that chair,' she said in a stage whisper. This rattled me a trifle. The stage dialogue proceeded:

"'You are sure you can find Don Rafael at his lodgings?'

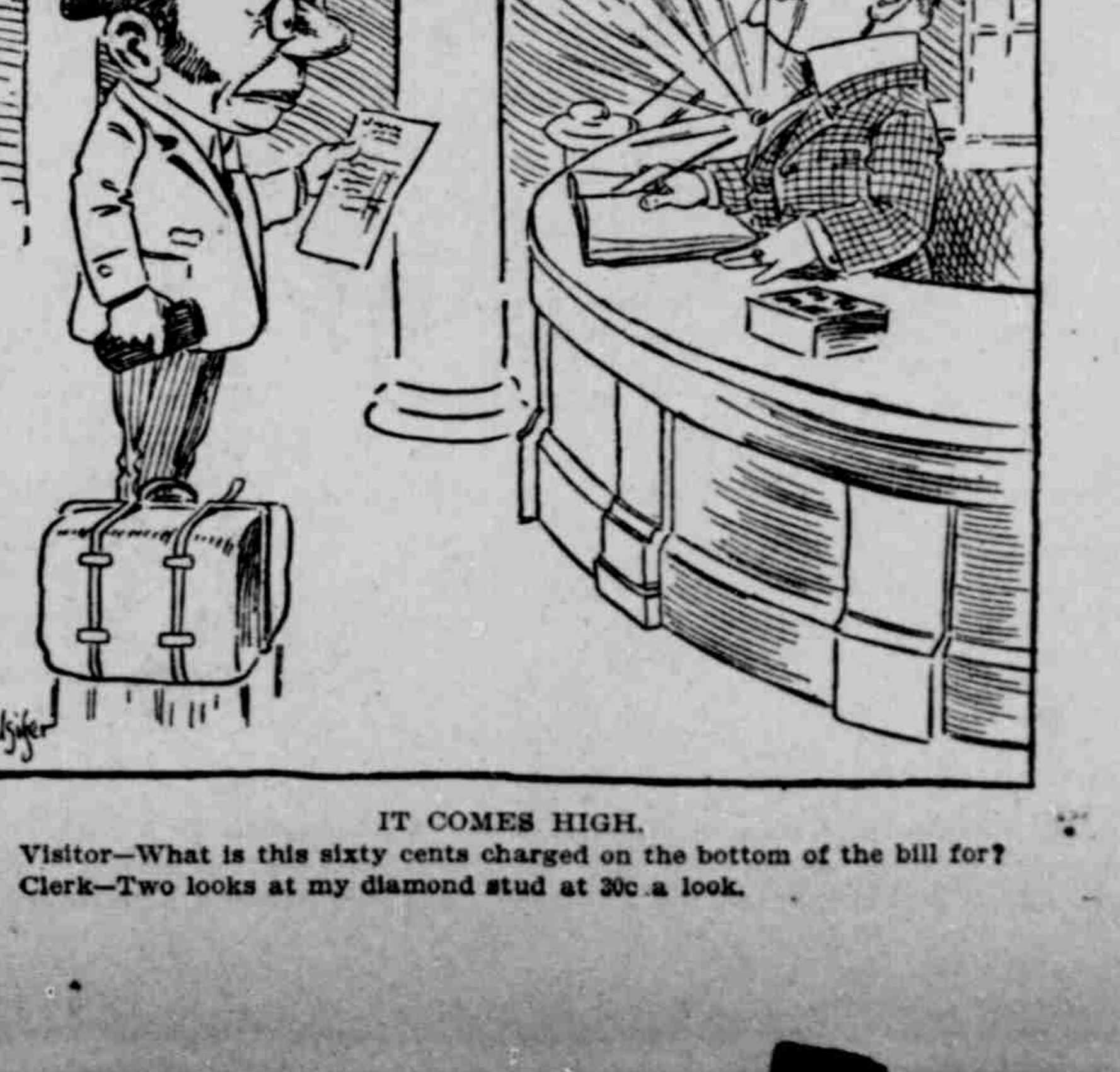
"'Yes, madam; his servant tells me his wound will confine him to his bed for a week.'

"'Is this the only paper we have? Where is the ink?'

Here, madam,' and I bent forward to place the ink within her reach, when, in my confusion at her reproof, the vessel was upset and its contents trickled into the lap of her white satin dress. The ink was blood red. The gastly look that came over the lady's face I shall never forget. I was so frightened I never knew how the scene ended. The next morning at reheasal she told me I would never have any luck as long as I lived and that my trouble in the world would be endless. She called the company together, gave them a detailed account of the 'awful scene of the night before, occasioned by the stupidity of the unfortunate young man who would never make an actor.' She told of the terrible dream she had had, in which some great personage, unknown to her, had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted his rescue, but without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet, his head, from which his life's blood slowly oozed, resting on her lap.

"Two years after this occurrence Miss Keene was playing at Ford's Theater, Washington. In the third act of the play a sharp shot was heard in the stage box, from which a man leaped brandishing a smoking weapon and shouting: 'Sic semper tyrannis!' The audience and actors were paralyzed. Miss Keene seemed to be the only person who realized the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of the dying man was in her lap, the red blood oozing from a gastly wound.

"The assassin was my old boyhood's friend, John Wilkes Booth; his victim, Abraham Lincoln."



IT COMES HIGH.
Visitor—What is this sixty cents charged on the bottom of the bill for?
Clerk—Two looks at my diamond stud at 30c a look.